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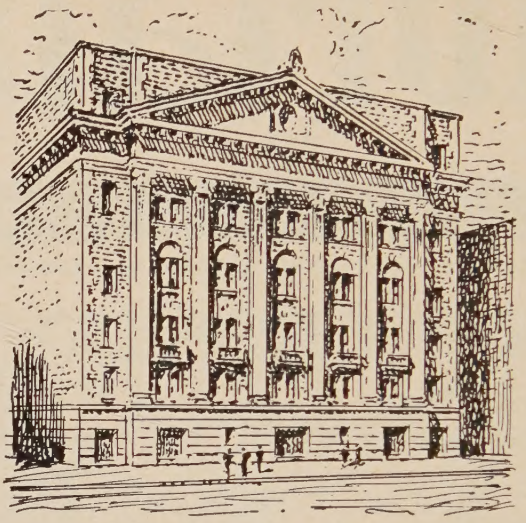

THE PEOPLES CHURCH OF CHICAGO

Lawrence Ave. at Sheridan Road

This Church was founded July 7, 1912, as a liberal independent church. It united with the American Unitarian Association, Western Unitarian Conference and National Federation of Religious Liberals in 1923. Property purchased for new building 1924. Ground broken June 14, 1925. Corner stone laid November 15, 1925. Church dedicated October 10, 1926. Preston Bradley has been the Pastor from the beginning of the Church.

Declaration of Principles

"The purpose of the church is to deal in plain terms with the supreme things in human life as measured by the rational conclusions of science and history. It seeks to promote a conception of nature, history and the meaning of life in accordance with the facts of experience and with the progress of growing knowledge. It is essentially religious, not in the traditional but in the scientific and ethical sense of the word. It regards religion as spiritual energy directing itself toward the enrichment of the individual life and the perfection of the social order. This church assumes the right of every one to think his or her own thoughts, and expects the greatest progress to follow from entire intellectual liberty and perfect freedom of judgment. It welcomes to its membership all who wish to co-operate in making a world which shall be enlightened by knowledge, guided by reason and animated by good-will."

Dr. Bradley's Books

"HAPPINESS THROUGH CREATIVE LIVING"
"NEW WEALTH FOR YOU"—$1.00
"MEDITATIONS" and "MY DAILY STRENGTH"

Other Books by Dr. Bradley

"Mastering Fear" "Courage For Today" "Life and You"
"Power From Right Thinking"

ALONG THE WAY

By DR. PRESTON BRADLEY

IT WAS Sunday morning, March 24th, that one of the best friends I have ever had and one of the most valuable members of our church passed on. Mr. Thomas Andrew Harrison was for nearly forty years Treasurer of the Peoples Church of Chicago and a member of its Board of Trustees.

At 12:30 on Sunday morning he awakened and told Mrs. Harrison he could not clear his throat and that he would get up and gargle. On returning to bed he said it wasn't any better and he thought he would put another pillow under his head to raise his head somewhat higher as he thought it would relieve him. Mrs. Harrison recognized that he was ill and immediately called the doctor who lived just a few doors away. The doctor arrived in a matter of minutes and said to Mrs. Harrison that it was a heart condition and they would remove him immediately to the hospital, but before going he wanted some boiling water in order to sterilize his needle for a hypodermic injection. Mrs. Harrison went to the kitchen to boil the water, was gone but a few minutes and when she returned Tom had passed on. This all happened within half an hour's time. Mrs. A. S. Kredler, a friend, and the much beloved Vice-President of our Board of Trustees, was immediately called and she came at once to be with Mrs. Harrison in those tragic first hours which some of us have passed through. I was not called until about eight o'clock on Sunday morning and the shock of this tragic news to me will be a part of my life all the rest of the way.

The character and courage of Mrs. Harrison was demonstrated by her coming to the church Sunday morning before seven o'clock and making all of the arrangements necessary for the 11 o'clock service. Every Sunday morning, as Secretary of the Church she makes out a list of every engagement I have for the week. This she did and this I shall never forget. She did not remain for the service and it was the first service in 37 years at which she had not been present. Since Mr. Harrison's death she has met every responsibility and has done her work with meticulous care and all because of her loyalty to the church and her certainty that Tom would want her to do exactly as she is doing. These two people who walked the highway of life together and were inseparable through the years are the most unusual people I have ever known. I am simply unable to express the depth of my feelings and these words will only convey an infinitesimal fraction of my love and appreciation for them both.

Thomas Harrison was 77 years old, but no one who did not know his age would ever think he was that old. I never knew a man who took better care of himself. Our families down through the years have been very close and we have shared the heartaches and the joys of life together. Every summer for many years Mr. and Mrs. Harrison always came to our island home in Lake Vermillion for their vacation. Tom was an ardent fisherman and one of the best followers of the unblemished sport of angling with whom I have ever fished. He was an expert with a bait casting rod and he always used an artificial lure. He never vio-

lated a fish law and was a true sportsman.

His love of the out-of-doors began in his boyhood days on the farm in Indiana. He was somewhat of an amateur astronomer and it was an experience to sit with him on the dock in the night and listen to him talk about the stars. He understood the language of the clouds and the wind, and as a prognosticator of the weather he was far superior to many of the technically trained weathermen who bring us the weather forecasts. Many nights as we have sat in the night on the island we have closed the conversation with "Well, Tom, what will the weather be like tomorrow?" He would go to the porch or the dock, spend a moment or two and come back and tell us, and I assure you his predictions bore a higher percentage of accuracy than many of the predictions which we hear from the professional weathermen.

He has always been a businessman and the foundation for his successful business life was laid in his training which he received at Valparaiso University. His father and mother passed on early in his life and the parental care and love which most children received was never his, as he was brought up in other homes. He came to Chicago as a young man and his first business activity was with the old and well established H. O. Stone Company who operated in Chicago Real Estate. He was with them for years and then formed a company of his own known as Harrison & Reidy, located on Sheridan Road in the same block as the theatre in which our church was then meeting. It was while he was in the partnership of Harrison and Reidy that he met May H. Hunter whom he married and with whom he had that happiness of companionship and sharing which is the basis of all truly happy and successful marriages. It was at this time, more than 40 years ago, they came into my life and a friendship was formed which has deepened with the years.

I never knew a man who took better care of himself physically. He never touched alcohol or tobacco, was always careful of his diet, and came to the end of his life with a full set of teeth as perfect as they were in his youth, for he never lost one nor was there ever one filled. Twice every year in all the years I have known him he has gone to his dentist and every year had a physical check-up. Just a few days before he passed on he had had an examination by his doctor and was pronounced in excellent condition.

He has been Treasurer of the Church and of our Building Fund all through the years, and was as careful of every contribution and every penny sent to the church as he would have been had it been his own personal money. I shall miss him always. To me and the church he was almost an indispensable person, but he would want us to continue and to grow and the finest tribute we can pay to his memory is to make every effort to follow what we know he would like to have us do. Later on a memorial will be placed in the church in his honor, but the greatest memorial of all will be the place he occupies in the hearts of those who knew him, for to know him was to love him and respect him. His genial smile greeted the people every Sunday morning in the lobby. He has left a vacant place against the skyline of our lives.

* * *

Through the years I have had many honors which have come to me; more, I think, than I deserve; and have had great moments in the pulpit and before

great audiences. I shall never forget the thousands whom I addressed at the opening of the Philadelphia Centennial Fair many years ago. I can never erase from my mind that great day when I addressed the Soldier's Field audience of thousands on "I Am an American Sunday" afternoon, an occasion which I shared with Cardinal Mundelein and others. The musical program that day was given by Bing Crosby, and Dinah Shore sang a solo.

I shall never forget the congregation which overflowed the Arlington Street Church in Boston when I preached the Anniversary Sermon for the American Unitarian Association; nor the Sunday afternoon in which I spoke to the crowds at the service held on the first Sunday of the Century of Progress, in 1933; nor can I forget the sermon which I preached on a train traveling through the wastes of upper Manitoba on our way to Churchill and Hudson Bay; or the 5,000 people I spoke to once at a meeting of the International Congress on Free Religion held in Prague, Czechoslovakia; nor the hundreds in the Cleveland Auditorium when I preached the sermon for the annual service presented to the people of Cleveland by the Cleveland Consistory and held in their great Cathedral. Nor can I forget the inspiring and stimulating experience I had speaking to 2,000 young people of the 4-H Clubs of America; or to the hundreds who gathered in the College at Stillwater, Oklahoma, from all over that interesting state; while I shall always remember most vividly the occasion when I preached on the world's fastest ship, the "United States," one Sunday morning in the Atlantic; and the service on the "Mauretania" one Sunday as we had sailed from the Panama Canal.

I could go on as my mind runs back across the years when writing these words to many, many such highlights of my life, but all of these were overshadowed by the feeling in my heart as I stood to respond to all the kindly things said about me at the great throng of people who filled the grand ballroom of the Conrad Hilton Hotel on Monday evening, April 1st, in an observance of my 45th Anniversary as pastor of our beloved church. That I am sure will always remain in my memory as the greatest event of my ministry. The great joy of it was somewhat lessened by the absence of those near and precious to me who had shared with me so many of these 45 years. In the midst of all of the kindly things which were said, and the smiling faces of the people who were there, I could not help but think of Thomas A. Harrison, who had worked so hard for the event and had been looking forward to it.

It was a long evening and did not close until after 11 o'clock. I do not think I have ever known it to rain harder than it did the night of the banquet, but apparently it had no effect upon the attendance. It was one of the largest banquets ever held in the Conrad Hilton Hotel.

There were 66 people at the speaker's table, not all of whom spoke, but all were presented, as also there were presentations from the floor.

The toastmaster of the evening was a well-known Chicago attorney, head of the Medical Center Commission and a former Master in Chancery, Mr. C. Hilding Anderson, who presided with graciousness, felicity and impressiveness. He and Mrs. Anderson have been long-time friends and members of the church.

After all of the speech making of the evening, I was the concluding speaker and the introduction which

Mr. Anderson gave of me was one of the most effective I have ever had in the hundreds of times I have been introduced through the years. I only spoke a few minutes. My heart was too full. The members of my own family were present: my sister, Mrs. Russell V. Judson, of Linden, Michigan; my two nieces and their husbands, Mr. and Mrs. Carl Lind, of Fenton, Michigan, and Mr .and Mrs. Al Lind, of Linden, Michigan, and my grandnephew, Preton Bradley Lind, who bears my name and is a student at Lake Forest College. I married his grandfather and grandmother, I christened his mother, I married his father and mother and I christened him. Our dreams and hopes for his future are unbounded. Mrs. June Bradley was presented and graciously received.

Dr. Frederick May Eliot, President of the American Unitarian Association, came from Boston for the occasion and his prophetic and encouraging words were among the highlights of the evening. The other speakers were Mrs. Charles S. Clark, founder-president of the Conference of Club Presidents and Program Chairmen, who presented me with a beautiful illuminated scroll from the women of America and the Conference; Dr. Edward J. Sparling, president of Roosevelt University; Dr. Louis L. Mann, long-time friend and distinguished spiritual leader of Sinai Temple; Dr. Homer A. Jack, author and friend of Dr. Albert Schweitzer and Minister of the First Unitarian Church of Evanston, Illinois; Dr. William Clyde Donald II, Minister of Bethel Church, Milwaukee and who begins his ministry at Bethel Church, Detroit, in the pulpit made nationally famous by Professor Rheinhold Niebuhr; Mrs. Robert F. Ferguson, Executive Secretary of The Cradle, of Evanston Illinois, and President of the Friends of Literature; Mr. Joseph B. Fleming, well-known Chicago attorney and president of the Chicago Public Library Board; Miss Gertrude Gscheidle, Librarian of the Chicago Public Library; Dr. Kenneth Hildebrand, distinguished minister of Central Church of Chicago and Chairman of the Radio & Television Commission of the Chicago Church Federation; Leo Lerner, former member of the Chicago Public Library Board, author, and Publisher of the Myers Newspapers; the Rev. William I. Caughran, Moderator of the Chicago Congregational Christian Association; Hon. Martin H. Kennelly, former Mayor of Chicago; and the Hon. Richard N. Daley, present Mayor of Chicago; the Rev. Virgil A. Kraft, traveler, writer, religious leader and Director of Religious and Educational Broadcasting for station WSEL (FM); the Rev. Theodore Richardson, Minister of the Metropolitan Community Church.

The concluding speaker was a man who occupies a place in our affections all his own; the Rev. Dr. Morriston J. Thomas, for nearly 45 years pastor of the Ravenswood Congregational Church. I often refer to him as my own pastor, for he is. We have known each other all of these years and have shared sunshine and shadows together.

Hundreds of telegrams were received, including one from the Hon. William A. Stratton, Governor of Illinois, from both United States Senators, Senator Everett McKinley Dirksen and Senator Paul Douglas, from several members of Congress and clergymen from many states and churches. Two of the most interesting letters I received were from Bishop Bernard J. Shiel, of Chicago, and Father E. V. Cardinal, Pastor of St. Viator's Church of this city. I have

worked with both of these distinguished clergymen in civic affairs through the years and in inter-racial programs.

I wish it were possible for me to express to each person who was there, and to the writers of hundreds of letters I have received from all over America, how deeply I appreciate all of the recognition heaped upon me at this anniversary event and in the weeks which have followed. I have lived long enough to realize the fleeting character of something called fame.

I am human enough to realize what words and deeds of appreciation mean when one can still hear them and enjoy them. Humility is one of life's loveliest qualities and all the demonstrations of love and affection which were given to me that night and have been all through these years only make me more humble and create within me a deeper desire to be worthy of it all.

Before I close I want to express to Mr .and Mrs. Frank L. Bennett, who are the Directors of our music in the church, the appreciation of us all for the lovely program they presented during the dinner. Their co-operation is greatly appreciated. And my deep appreciation to Cantor Murray Lind, the distinguished and nationally known Cantor of Shaari Tikvah, and to Rabbi Morris A. Gutstein, who honored me by his presence at the dinner. Cantor Lind's musical contribution was one of the most exquisite I have ever heard.

I do not know how much of life there is left for me, but I do know that every hour of it will be made more beautiful because of what the hundreds of friends, members and radio listeners have done and said to me in these anniversary days.

* * *

Our church will close for the summer on Sunday, June 9th. I hope many of our readers and radio friends will plan to attend the remaining Sundays. Details of the summer plans will be given you in the June issue. My space is gone and many things in my heart will have to remain unwritten.

If I Were A Voice

(These are two verses of a poem by Charles Mackay found in an anthology called "A Treasure Chest of Memories," which contains favorite American poems and is compiled by Joe Mitchell Chapple.)

If I were a Voice—a consoling Voice—
I'd fly on the wings of the air;
The home of Sorrow and Guilt I'd seek,
And calm and truthful words I'd speak,
To save them from Despair.
I'd fly, I'd fly o'er the crowded town,
And drop, like the happy sunlight, down
Into the hearts of suffering men,
And teach them to rejoice again.

If I were a Voice—a controlling Voice—
I'd travel with the wind;
And, wherever I saw the nations torn
By warfare, jealousy or scorn,
Or hatred of their kind,
I'd fly, I'd fly on the thunder crash
And into their blinded bosoms flash;
And, all their evil thoughts subdued,
I'd teach them a Christian Brotherhood.

Photo by Chicago Tribune

ADDRESS BY DR. SIDNEY E. MEAD

President, Meadville Theological School, University of Chicago, Given at the celebration in the Peoples Church of Dr. Bradley's 45th Anniversary as its Pastor, Sunday Evening, March 31, 1957.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN, when about my age, told the people of Springfield that among them he had "passed from a young to an old man." I have spent about as much time in Chicago as Lincoln had spent in Springfield. And because I suspect that Professors in Chicago, in the twentieth century, grow old faster than did lawyers in Springfield in the nineteenth century, I suppose it would not be amiss for me to pose tonight as an "old" man.

But one thing prevents me, namely, in the presence of the man we are gathered here to honor tonight, such a pose on my part would be ridiculous.

One of my earliest memories of life in Chicago is that of listening to the voice of Preston Bradley coming to us over the radio. And therein I recognized a man of rare abilities, and of spiritual power and in my faltering days I was bolstered and inspired.

Already he had built, and served this Church for twenty-five years. And that was twenty years ago. Yet I see no diminution of his power, and I am tempted to compare him to Shakespeare's Cleopatra, of whom one said that time could not wither nor custom

mar her infinite variety. Indeed in at least one way time has but added to Dr. Bradley's power. For now his very presence among us of middle life, makes us feel youthful, and ashamed of the times when we grow weary of the burdens that we bear. Judged by his time scale, for instance, my work has just begun.

Therefore, I consider it an honor and a privilege as President of Meadville Theological School and a member of a great Theological Faculty, to bring to you, Dr. Bradley, the congratulations, and the sincere best wishes of my particular School—its board, staff, students, and Faculty—and, symbolically, the same greeting on behalf of all the Theological Schools where we are trying to pass on to the coming generation of ministers some of your spiritual power, while we are enabling them to gain a sound education.

We, with you, are all engaged in a common enterprise. And I think that our common end and goal is that suggested by Alfred North Whitehead, when he said:

That religion will conquer which can render clear to popular understanding some eternal greatness incarnate in the passage of temporal fact.

This, Dr. Bradley, you have done—and therein, I think, lies your spiritual power. And because you have done it so well, and done it so long, you have inspired, and shall continue to inspire us, in Lincoln's words—"with malice toward none, with charity for all" of suffering humanity everywhere, to "strive on to finish the work we are in." God helping us, we can do no less.

"YOUR SLICE OF LIFE"

Sermon by REV. VIRGIL A. KRAFT

Director, Religious & Educational Broadcasting, Station WSEL (FM) 104.3

given in The Peoples Church of Chicago
March 17, 1957

GROWING up has been described in many different ways. This morning I would like to describe it by saying that it is a process of acquiring some bigger worries, which, in a way, is a good thing, because bigger worries can mean better minds, bigger hearts, stronger spirits, if we have a Christian confidence in life. One day, while I was serving as a university chaplain, a student came into my office and she said: "I'm worried! I'm making good grades, I have everything I want, I'm perfectly happy, I haven't got a worry in the world—and that's what worries me!" Before the year was over, that girl gave me a chance to introduce her to some big problems, and she acquired at least one big, healthy, invigorating concern for herself—which literally transformed that girl from a shallow, frivolous, happy-go-lucky child into a responsible and beautiful young lady. Now the difference between petty worries and big worries is that petty worries aggravate, big worries invigorate! Little worries wear you out; big worries give you a chance to grow! Someone has said that it isn't the big climb up the hill which wears us out, it's the little pebble in our shoe!

During my first year as a pastor, out in the State of Washington, and my first year as a husband, I had a very enlightening experience one after-

noon. I had to make a pastoral call up in the mountains, and I invited Mrs. Kraft to go along for the ride. During our visit in this particular home the lady showed us a new litter of kittens, and right away Mrs. Kraft got excited and I began to worry a bit. Now I like pets all right—particularly goldfish—but when I began to see what was developing there and that we might have a cat to take care of in a three-room apartment, I did begin to worry! And, sure enough, as I suspected, before the visit ended the woman offered us one of the cats and Mrs. Kraft looked over at me rather eagerly and she saw nothing, however, on my face except a big unmistakable "NO!" written all over it! Then she proceeded to explain how we could easily take care of a cat! Well, as soon as I could, I let loose with a barrage of reasons why we couldn't take care of a cat! "After all," I said, "we live in a three-room apartment. Why this cat, we'd have to feed it and we'd have to train it and water it and walk it! It would scratch up the furniture and get into the cupboards and cry at night and we wouldn't get any sleep; we wouldn't be free any more! Furthermore" I said, "cats carry germs!" On I went for about fifteen minutes! Well, naturally, the opposition wilted. You see, sometimes it's necessary for a husband, particularly a new one, to literally overwhelm his wife with a super abundance of masculine persuasiveness like that! Well, when we got the cat home we soon discovered that the size of our world did shrink! For three months that baby kitten was our dominant concern! It was responsible for me letting up on my studying and cutting down on my calling and I never got any sleep anymore and even neglected to answer certain important letters—it's amazing what a little cat can do to a young preacher! Well, three months later, fortunately, this cat found a nice home in the country and we found our lost horizons. Now this isn't an argument against pets—it's an argument against pettiness! Making the incidentals of life the major matters!

A certain woman, with an armload of packages, boarded a train and as soon as she gave the conductor her ticket she sat in a seat and began to rearrange all of her luggage. She took her coat and put it on the back of the seat and then she took it off of the seat and folded it up and put it on her suitcase. Then, one by one, she lifted her bundles off of the floor and put them on the seat beside her and then she put them back on the floor and then, one by one she put them back on the seat and opened them and rearranged the contents! And while she was doing this the conductor came by and announced the name of her station. And turning to the man across the aisle, she said: "Well! Had I known the trip was so short, I wouldn't have been so fussy!"

Now one of the tragedies of life is for a person, after seventy or eighty years, to discover that life's trip, for him, is about over and he's still arranging his baggage! Which brings us to the real question of the morning. What is life all about? Where are we supposed to be going? What's the purpose of life? What really, is it? Now when a scientist wants to know the nature of an object, usually he'll take a knife and he'll cut off a cross-section of it, because the assumption is that that cross-section contains all of the ingredients of a whole—and that's exactly what I believe about life! Life is all one piece; every cross-section of it is the same stuff. Today is a cross-section of the same stuff that

Abraham had and Moses and George Washington and Abraham Lincoln and St. Paul—all the other people in the past—the same stuff! The basic ingredients of life are all here. Even the nature of God remains the same. Whatever was possible twenty centuries before Christ, in the time of Moses, is possible today! Whatever St. Paul was really able to do, we can do! God, nature, human nature all remain the same. We have the same raw stuff with which to work in life. Which means, in reverse, that St. Paul could have traveled around in an airplane—he could have! The basic ingredients of the airplane were all there. And also Solomon—he could have had telephones in every room in his palace! But, of course, since he had so many wives, I suppose maybe it's a good thing he didn't have. Moses could have had a radio! Abraham could have had a television set! Adam could have walked around in a double-breasted suit—he could have! And Jacob could have made that trip from Palestine to Hebron in a streamlined train and he could have gotten a good night's sleep in a lower berth instead of sleeping outside with a rock for a pillow as he did! He could have, because the basic materials were all there. But I'm sure someone is beginning to think: "Well, now, maybe it was a good thing that Jacob didn't have all of these modern conveniences because, after all, how could God open up the heavens to a man riding around in a streamlined train and how could an Angel of God wrestle with a man in a lower berth!"

This illustrates, exactly, the predicament—the religious predicament—of many moderns! We think that God is limited to certain early stages in human history; that He's limited to certain periods and places and methods! Not long ago, I think I shocked somebody by saying that the bible does some people more harm than good, in that it seems to make them less aware of God today! They may glory in the faith of Moses and Abraham; they may rejoice in what God was able to do for the children of Israel, but there they stop because they think "real religion" stopped back there! "Ah, sweet were the days when thou didst lodge with Lot, struggle with Jacob, sit with Gideon, advise with Abraham," writes a British poet, as though God were either handicapped today or is a respecter of persons.

Now many people forget that the bible is an oriental book written in oriental style by oriental people! So when they wrote: "And the Lord spoke unto Moses face to face as a man speaketh with his friend," they didn't mean to say that God has a face, they meant to say that God and Moses were intimate; that God, for Moses, was a vivid reality and companion, as He can be for anybody, anytime! God doesn't change! Whatever actually happened twenty centuries before Christ can happen twenty centuries after Christ! Now, forgetting that much of the bible is oriental imagery, full of meaning, many sincere people think that in order to enjoy the realities of religion they must be able to see visions and talk to visible angels, hear strange, unearthly voices! They think that in order to enjoy the presence of God they must be able to speak with tongues or tell fortunes or perform miracles—they think the only evidence of God is the odd! Remember Elijah on Mount Horeb? He had just experienced a tragic failure and, like most discouraged men, he wanted to make sure of God and he wanted some unmistakable evidence, and so he wandered around in the mountains for forty days looking for something spectacular to bolster his faith, but nothing spectacular happened. And so when he

came to a cave there he stopped—for him it was the end! Either God had forsaken him or maybe He didn't even exist! And then suddenly all of these spectacular things he'd been looking for began to happen! Says the record: "A great and strong wind rent the mountains and break in pieces the rocks, but the Lord was not in the winds. And after the wind, an earthquake, but the Lord was not in the earthquake! And after the earthquake, a fire, but the Lord was not in the fire! And after the fire, a still, small voice!" The voice of God is so still, so small, so ordinary that most people never hear it! The voice of God is as ordinary as the singing of birds or the laughter of little children or the quiet, inner urge to help someone! The power of God is as ordinary as the healing of a wound, or the magic of radio, or the growth of a little flower! Oh life, how often have the religions taken thee upon their scraggy knees squeezing and buffeting thee that thou mightest conceive Gods, but thou answereth them only with Spring! God is just as real and active today as He was three thousand years ago, and the world is just as holy and just as full of wonders. Every slice of life is the same stuff—it's all one piece. Which means there is a glorious stability here!

Sometime ago, I had to make a pastoral call to a certain place and when I went into the hallway I noticed, over in the corner, I think it was the most elaborate, tangled up, pile of polished wood I ever saw in my life, and I asked the lady of the house what it was. And she said: "Well that, that, Mr. Kraft, is an antique chair!" "Oh," I said, "something your grandmother gave you to take care of." "Oh gracious, no," she said, "we bought that chair." "I'll say we did" said the husband, "We paid five hundred dollars for that chair! Furthermore," he said, "upstairs is an antique bed, and over here is an antique hatrack, and over here is an antique table!" Well I could tell by his attitude that he wasn't very well-taken with antiquity. In fact, during our conversation, he told about a friend of his who worked as a "worm imitator"! And when his wife asked him what a "worm imitator" was he told her—a man who bores holes in furniture for antique dealers! And I asked this woman why it is that some people like to just clut—, uh, to furnish their homes with all kinds of antiques! And she said: "Oh, Mr. Kraft antiques just create atmosphere!" Well, I could agree to that alright, but then she went on to say something else, which is very important. She said: "With antiques around I just feel a part of something old and stable!"—and that's exactly the feeling most of us want. To feel that we're a part of something old and stable, something that can't be shaken.

I don't need to remind you that these days of ours are full of unsettling experiences, unexpected misfortunes and tragic, shocking disillusionments! And in these days so troubled, many of us feel like that weary, discouraged businessman who went back to his old hometown to see if, somehow, he couldn't recapture the blissful security of his childhood. And he wrote: "In this day of uncertainty and trouble, I must find, somewhere, something that is untroubled, something that cannot be shaken!" Now, what is there in life that cannot be shaken, something that is in every slice of it? First of all there is the power of God in nature! In her novel THE DRAGON SEED, Pearl Buck describes how old Ling Kan, of China, watches the coming of the invader. This invader burns his village, destroys his house, kills his neighbors and even attacks members of his own family, and you see that

his world's falling in. So one evening, he and his older son walk out of the smoking shambles of what had been their hometown into the country. And when they got out there and the sun had gone down in the west, suddenly Ling Kan looked up into the sky and he saw that the stars were still there, just as beautiful as they had been before. And he said: "Thy sky! Will nothing ever change it?" And in his heart there came the answer: "No, nothing will ever change the order and beauty of the sky!" The laws of nature; the growth of a little flower; the changing of the seasons; the principles of engineering; the fundamentals of art and architecture; the laws of chemistry—don't change! They are absolutely untroubled. Which means that after man has worked his worse destruction on this earth, there can be buildings more magnificent; cities more wonderful; gardens more beautiful; music more thrilling than this world has yet known! Also, in every slice of life there is an old, untroubled divinity in human nature which we can count on.

One afternoon a young mother was in the process of bathing her little baby when a neighbor girl came in. And this little neighbor girl was carrying a doll in her arms, a rather badly battered up little doll—the hair was missing and the nose was cracked off and an eye was out and a leg was gone and the face was badly scratched—and the little girl looked at her doll and she looked up at the baby, she looked at her doll and looked up at the baby, and then she reached up and she touched the baby and she said: "My, but you've kept him nice!" You know, there's one thing that will always amaze me and that is, two parents today—no matter who they are—can have nice babies! Think of it! After thousands and thousands of years of savagery and brutality and war and hatred and bloodshed and crime and corruption—two parents, today, can have nice babies! There is an old, untroubled humanity which the wars and storms and turmoil of earth can't touch! Which means that, unless we give these babies our prejudices and our fears and our hates, in one generation they can flood the earth with beauty and love and peace!

Yes, our world had a noble origin and, despite all of its troubles, suffering and misery, is good. But, as one bewildered man said not long ago: "Good for what?" If life has a design, what is it? What's the purpose of life? What are we supposed to be doing here? Now it so happens that a young man, about twenty-one years of age, has a total of 13,000 days to live—an average of 13,000 days! Now a third of that time will be spent in sleeping, another third in acquiring food and clothing and shelter, which leaves about 4,333 days of life! Now, what should a young man or a young woman do with 4,333 days? A few years ago, up at Columbia University, there was a man going to school who had taken every course the university offered—some of them several times—he was seventy years old, still going to school! Why? Well, it so happened that many years before, when his aunt died, she left a provision in her will that this young man was to receive two hundred and fifty dollars while he was in school, every month!

Well, what's the purpose of life? Is it to get more and more knowledge in our head—is that the end? Most of us, I suppose, don't look at life very philosophically at all—we look at life very much as a little boy looks at school. And when a little boy goes to school he doesn't begin to wrinkle his brow and ponder the function of public education in a democracy or the phi-

losophy of the educational process and the integration of human personality—he just goes to school! And so most of us, I suppose, just live. Even though we may know better, we just live! Some man has said: "Sure we just go to work to earn the dough to buy the bread to gain the strength to go to work to earn the dough to buy the bread to gain the strength to go to work to earn the dough to buy the bread to gain the strength to go to work!" Or, as another man said: "Life is summed up in three Rs! That's all life is to me: Romance, Rent and Rheumatism!" Others think that life consists in the abundance of food they can get away with! They don't eat to live, they live to eat! And for such hungry people life has about ten stages:

1. Milk. 2. Milk and bread. 3. Milk, eggs, bread and spinach. 4. Oatmeal, bread and butter, green apples, all-day suckers. 5. Ice cream sodas and hot dogs. 6. Minute-steak, fried potatoes, coffee and apple pie. 7. Bouillon, roast duck, scalloped potatoes, creamed broccoli, fruit salad, divinity fudge and demitasse. 8. Two soft-boiled eggs, toast and milk. 9. Crackers and milk. 10. Milk.

Now what is life all for, what's it all about? You! What about your slice of life? Does it excite you; do you know what to do with it? Or are you afraid of it? One night a little girl prayed: "Oh God, let me be alive every minute of every hour of my life, and when I sleep make me dream all the time so that not one little piece of life will ever be lost!" Isn't that a wonderful attitude? Well, why are children so thrilled with life? Well, one reason is they expect wonderful things of it! And that's one reason little children enter the Kingdom of Heaven before adults do, because they're not burdened down with a lot of doubts, as I run into quite often on campuses, particularly the last campus I was on. The University of Chicago is quite an institution and they have marvelous students there. Sometimes they over-emphasize, I think, the intellectual aspect of life. I met one student on the campus one day and I said: "Good morning! How are you this morning?" He looked at me and he said: "In relation to what?" Well now, little children are thrilled with life because they expect wonderful things from it. It doesn't really surprise a child that the world is good, the flowers are beautiful, the bird sings sweetly, the people are friendly, that God loves them—it doesn't surprise them! It makes them happy of course, but they're not surprised by it. Something in a little child just naturally responds to the overwhelming goodness of life, which helps to keep them buoyant and cheerful in spite of many frustrations and disappointments! Children have so much faith in life that they don't even place limits on their imagination. Do they?

Several Christmases ago my sister sent a letter describing how her little son went out into the woods with his grandfather to cut down their own Christmas tree. And they came to some very nice trees, but the little boy didn't want them. They walked around until, pretty soon, the sun began to sink down and the grandfather got a little worried, as well as tired, and finally he just had to make up his mind to pick out a good tree and cut it down whether the little boy wanted it or not! So he did. They went back to the house and when they got there the little boy was crying as though his heart would break. He didn't want that tree; he didn't want any of those trees—he wanted a tree with lights on it! Well now, children expect wonderful things of life—they really do! Now some of the things, of course, that

children believe in are impossible, like swimming in the billowy clouds, sailing away on a magic carpet to the moon or finding a candy castle somewhere. But, also, until they have their little minds perverted, they believe in some wonderful things about life—that the world is good; that life is exciting; that the future can be more exciting than the past! And how difficult it is for us to believe that sometimes—that the future can be more interesting than the past—especially it's difficult for parents, who have to watch their children grow up and go away before they've had a chance, really, to enjoy them! Just a few months ago, it seems, Mrs. Kraft and I had two little baby girls. Already one of them is a senior in high school and another is in a university! Now we're not ready for them to grow up and go away. Why, just a few months ago we were mixing formulas and buying new dresses and teaching them how to walk and taking snapshots all over the place! Why, we haven't read all of those parent's magazines yet! All those books on child psychology! See? Time marches on and it marches fast! Well, now that I'm a parent I know why my parents were sentimental! You know what they did one time when my brother and I came home from college? When we left they not only loaded us down with postage stamps and post cards, but, also, we learned later, they actually kept the imprints in the pillows that our heads made the night before we left—they saved those imprints for many days! A lot of things I understand now! You know, a létter is a little thing especially some letters! Several years ago, two parents sent their boy, their only son, off to college and he promised to write as often as he possibly could. So the first week or so he wrote every day and then twice a week and then once a week, and about the middle of the semester the parents were quite upset because they hadn't heard from their son for several weeks and their day began to darken a bit. And then one noon a letter arrived, and right away the mother called up the father and he came home at noon. They had a little celebration, almost! They went to the davenport together to open the letter to read it. And it said: "Dear Folks: Please send me fifty dollars. Your loving son." Young people away from home will never know what their letters mean until they, themselves, are parents of children away from home! On the other hand, lest we become a little too morbid about this, parents have a fascinating future beyond parenthood—they really do. They have an opportunity for new interests, new responsibilities and new freedoms to move in new directions. There is even a chance that they'll become grandparents. And of course, the more I see of grandparents the more I think they have a pretty good deal—they can have all the fun without all the fuss!

Every slice of life is rich with opportunities to live greatly and richly! But now, what do we mean by living greatly? One time a man looked at a little baby and not being a father he was able to maintain the cool detachment of a philosopher. And first of all he said: "You know, that little baby reminds me of a professor I know. I can't figure out what he's talking about and I don't think he knows; he doesn't have any teeth; he doesn't care how he looks and he never smiles unless he has gas on his stomach! Nevertheless," the man went on to say, and this is something very important, "that little baby has given me a great idea! It's this: We were born little here, because we were born to grow!"

What is life? Life is growth! Life is doing everything we really like to do in greater and greater abundance—acquiring more knowledge, developing more skills, having more friends—and anything which handicaps this ever-expanding creativity of life is wrong, because it keeps us from living the creative life of God! A distinguished artist sat in front of her last painting weeping, and when asked why she wept she replied: "Why, this picture fulfills my life's ambition! That's exactly what I've always wanted to do—I've reached my goal, and I'm through!" Well now, how empty and meaningless life becomes when we have nothing to do, because the greatest thrills in life come as the result of achievements! Something inside of us literally unfolds and blossoms with new power every time we solve a problem! Life is not perfections; life is imperfections. Life is taking the raw products of this universe and creating something! Life is taking the atoms and the minerals and the plants and creating new machinery, new buildings and new beauty! Life is taking the infant bodies, the simple minds, the tender spirits and making them into creative companions of God! People are creators! We were made in the image of the Creator and, therefore, we have the power and the responsibility to create! Jesus said: "He who would be great among you must be a servant." And it is absolutely true that the greatest person, not in reputation but in personality, is that person who joins organizations or takes a job, not because of what he himself is going to get out of them but because in those jobs and in those organizations he has a chance to create something, he has a chance to be a creator! And that's why people in offices and in laboratories and schools and kitchens and factories and hospitals are happier by far than people who must spend their time in respectable idleness! He who would be great must be a servant somewhere. Servants are creators and creators fulfilling their natural, God-given capacities are the happiest people in the world!

Now this does not mean that creators never suffer because, after all, life is a stockpile of raw products in the form of wild, unharnessed forces and imperfect growing persons. And that's why Jesus said: "In this world you will have tribulations." You see, creativity could not occur in a perfect world. Why, a perfect world would be a machine, absolutely rigid, changeless! Creativity can occur only in an imperfect world, a somewhat uncertain world where there's free play and a chance for accidents! So in this world we will have tribulations, for Jesus went on to say: "Be of good cheer. I have overcome the world!" And it's a faith and this power to overcome which we must have and can have: Faith in the fact that life, with all of its turmoil and confusion and mystery and all of its hardships and mistakes and suffering, has a thrilling potential which assures forever the healing of wounds, the increase of beauty, the transformation of dark endings into bright beginnings!

Yes, your slice of life and mine will have some tribulation in it in the form of unharnessed energy, raw products and problems, but being made in the image of the Creator we have the power to overcome this world of tribulation by taking these raw products of life and creating something big or small which will not only improve the order and beauty of the world but which will enhance our own dignity and happiness!

The Liberalist

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EDITORIAL

TO a great many people, when we use the word "faith" it connotates some aspect of a religious formation. The fact of the matter is that the most universal power in the human mind is *faith*. This idea that faith is a certain separate identity of life is ridiculous. It is the most universal attribute of the human heart. There may be faith in good things and there may be faith in bad things, but there is never a lack of faith.

You may have faith in some political party; faith in some personality; faith in some church; faith in some economic principle; faith in some little pill that comes out of a bottle; faith in some doctor; faith in your little system; if you're a housewife, you have faith in the recipe in your cookbook—you've got faith somewhere, in something!

Something's controlling your life; something is giving you imperative; something is the dominating motive of your life—and that's the thing you have faith in. Tell me what you are loyal to and I will tell you what kind of a person you are.

When we put the word "creative" before "faith" then we find ourselves in a constructive attitude. Remember, you *have* faith. Now, if you will put the word "creative" in front of that faith and analyze it, then you will be able to get a solution to your problems and any difficulty you may be in. There is a "faith faculty" a "love faculty" and a "hate faculty." Some people have the "hate faculty" so strong in them there isn't any room for the "love faculty." They create their own doom and they are always in trouble.

The "faith faculty" transcends the "hate faculty" and the "love faculty" and any other faculty of the human heart in its ability to create personality and to solve problems. Therefore, the person who analyzes the objective of his faith is the person who is getting straightened out with life; and when a person takes the affirmative attitude and nurtures his faith with that attitude, then things begin to unfold and problems begin to be solved. Faith is the only answer.

BOOK CHATS

BOOK REVIEW

By Rev. Waldemar Argow,
Guest Reviewer

WHEREVER there is an unusual religious group meeting, wherever something strange, significant, provocative is happening in the world of religion, you are likely to find this man on the spot.

His name is Marcus Bach, and he is America's foremost "religious detective." No other man is as well informed as he on the subject of America's cults and lesser-known religious groups.

For the past fifteen years Marcus Bach has gone up and down Church Street, U.S.A., meeting with members of these little-known groups, attending their meetings, getting to know their leaders, and coming to understand their motivations and the dreams that drive them on. The story of his experiences is a fascinating true-life adventure story—with religious overtones!

For the past seventeen years, Dr. Bach has been a professor at and associate director of, the famous interfaith School of Religion at the State University of Iowa. Organized over a quarter of a century ago, this school is a unique experiment in religious education which is now being copied by other colleges and unversities all over the world.

A tall, striking looking man with a most engaging personality, Marcus Bach is one of the most popular speakers, as well as writers, in the Middle West. His classes, broadcast over the university's radio station, WSUI, have broken all records for interest and popularity.

Thanks to an unusual arrangement with the School of Religion, Dr. Bach has been free to pursue his research at first hand, and so he has spent much of the past fifteen years in an attempt to discover and interpret the things people believe and the faiths they live by. The story of his quest is told in a series of books, beginning with "They Have Found a Faith," written in 1947.

No academic, dry-as-dust researcher, Dr. Bach tells the stories of his experiences in a style that is as exciting to read as a detective story. Whether he is visiting one of the "Heavens" of Father Divine; or attending a spiritualist seance; or living in a Trappist monastery or out among the Hutterites of western Canada; or going from door to door with Jehovah's Witnesses; or investigating the incredible Penitentes of the American Southwest (surely the most unbelievable religious group on this continent), Dr. Bach's story will hold you spellbound.

In recent years, Marcus Bach has widened the scope of his research. His investigations of Voodoo down on the island of Haiti resulted in a book "Strange Altars." And then, several years ago, Dr. Bach set out on the longest of all his many religious pilgrimages . This one carried him 40,000 miles all over the world as he traveled to meet and speak wth some of the great religious figures of our time.

Always Dr. Bach has been drawn on by this two-fold question: "What are these people looking for?" and "What have they found?" Since there is only one way to get a satisfactory answer to questions as basic and personal as these, Dr. Bach has gone

directly to the people involved.

Out in the heart of French Equitorial Africa, he met and talked with perhaps the greatest man of our time, Albert Schweitzer. In Israel he met with Shoghi Effendi, leader of the Baha'i sect. In Rome he had an audience with the spiritual head of the world's 400 million Catholics, Pope Pius XII. And then the quest led on to Germany, and finally back to the United States.

What do people as different from one another as these he interviewed, have in common? Is there any one single thing that unites them? Yes, Dr. Bach discovered, there is! His answer, and the story of each of these remarkable people, is presented in his latest book which was published March first, "The Circle of Faith."

Those last four words are not only a book title, they are also an answer. For at the end of his quest, Marcus Bach comes to this conclusion: that religion, like truth, is a circle. It has no beginning and no end. All faiths, denominations, religions, are arcs or parts of the circle. No one can claim the whole circle, but each can claim his part of it.

To read Marcus Bach is to realize that religion is not a matter of dusty creeds and empty rituals. It is a dynamic adventure, pulsing with the fears, hopes, joys of men and women, as vital as life itself, as warm as love, and as real as the air we breathe.

The *RADIO* MAIL BAG

By ETHEL WELLS SMALLEY

THE envelope carried the address "Clairehaven," Lake Bluff, Illinois, and the letter was dated "1:30 a.m. April 2nd, '57—Home." Dearest June and Dr. Bradley:

Still aglow from the evening's five hours under the Bradley testimonial sunlamp, I can't bring myself to bed before clarifying my own "me-too" ray of devotion.

Aside from the unanimity of theme which touched accord in everyone present, many of tonight's speakers were individually delightful for their own sakes. The intellectual brilliance of Louis Mann—the dynamic effectiveness of the young minister from Detroit—Kennelly's winning artlessness—the nobility of the endearing Ravenswood pastor and crisp concentrate of your disarming New Englander: all—rewarding contributors to the uninhibited flow of genuine Love-of-You which we had flocked to enjoy. And yet—even in three and a half words—how you top them all!

For scholarliness—infectious humor—opposite prose—you have always matched the best (surely, men like Louis Mann identify the "best"); then you surpass them on their own limit lines with that nameless attribute that thrusts beyond wisdom and technical prowess which your listeners will never be able to capture by definition but only *feel;* it is a peculiar "loveliness" and *poetic ethetic* that sets you apart from the rest.

Although your sermons never sermonize, yet your smallest conversation always leaves on me an imprint not unlike the benefit-of-a-sermon in my afterthought. You are such an emotional inciter and rouser of every audience's introspective apathy toward its own spiritual values. And, dear loving and loved Preston, your endowment of *vocal grace,* that all-persuasive "transmitter" of fervor and the high quality of your thinking . . . what euphoria that bestows on musical ears!

My opinion in these matters is hair-splittingly objective. I am not prejudiced, although Henry and Heinzl and I love you very much. Perhaps the deepest remark tonight came from the man who said *he loved you* so much because he knew *you loved him* so much. That went for everyone in the room. What greater clarity of religion can there be?

I was tempted to wait afterwards for a chance to greet you both, then reconsidered. It would have been inhuman to add even one tenderness to your already overpowering load. When you two feel yourselves rested from this memorable orgy of LOVE, we want to see you. To tell you personally that we find our "marriage-preacher" more irresistible—and his bride more beautiful—than ever!

Devotedly,

Marion Claire.

* * *

On the stationery of the House of Representatives, Washington, D.C., came this letter from Member of Congress John A. Blatnik, of the Eighth District of Minnesota:

Dear Dr. Bradley:

I was truly sorry to have missed seeing you when you were in Washington for the recent Izaak Walton League convention. During those two days, as you well know, we were engaged in a nip and tuck battle to get the fifty million appropriation for my Water Pollution Control Act.

My good friend Frank Robertson of Chisholm, Minnesota, told me how you had the convention adjourned at noon on that last Thursday so that all the delegates could get to work on their Congressmen. Believe me, I certainly noticed the change in attitude, and although we lost by 22 votes on Wednesday, at the voice vote, by Thursday afternoon we began to see the sudden change and our gloom turned to optimism and then to joy when the final vote gave us the surprising victory of a 46-vote margin—231 to 185.

It's been some years since I've seen you up in our district. My big problem of course, has been that during these past ten years the sessions have dragged out through most of the summer, so that to my deep dismay I have had very little opportunity to enjoy our lovely lake and woods country back home.

With all best wishes and my very warmest regards.

* * *

You will discover from the above letter that the day following the big banquet at the Conrad Hilton, Dr. Bradley went to Washington, D.C., where the events mentioned in the above letter took place. Those who attended the Sunday night service in the church on April 7th heard Dr. Bradley discuss the battle of the votes which Congressman Blatnik refers to.

* * *

The next writer is certainly well known to many—especially readers of the Sun-Times:

Fort Myers Beach, Florida
March 24, 1957

My dear Preston:

Your gracious invitation was for-

warded to me down here where I will be for another few days. It was preceded by letters from mutual pals and a good release from Howie Mayer and Dale O'Brien. I already have been to the 45th birthday party for our Preston . . . attended in advance and in spirit and wrote a column on the affair which is due to run Saturday.

Of all the festive gatherings I want to attend, the one where you are top man is No. 1 but . . .?c*'&%$?! (respect to the cloth) I can't be there as I have been invited and accepted, some weeks back, to attend the sharpshooters' party for Carola Mandel. Confidentially I think that Carola would sooner be at the Bradley party. I can promise you that the celebrants at Carola's fiesta will offer friendly toasts to the Cheerful Shepherd, Our Preston.

I don't know of anyone who's done as much and asked so little as you have in helping what BLT used to call "the so-called human race" of this part of the land. Allah's smile upon you.

Sincerely,
Herb Graffis

* * *

Dear Dr. Bradley:

Our sincere congratulations on celebrating your 45th year in the ministry. You have certainly radiated inspiration to thousands and thousands during these years. We wish for you as many more years as you yourself would like to have. May your good health continue!

Sincerely yours,
Dorothy Dockstader,
Employment Consultant.

* * *

Dear Dr. Bradley:

I am sorry that in this sixth year of my regular visits to the Windy City, I did not have the opportunity to be with you and to hear one of your inspiring book lectures.

It is with exceeding great interest and admiration that I follow your spiritual ministry of imparting faith, hope and love, as it reaches me through the Liberalist and otherwise finds expression in your busy schedule. I know that I learn from you increasingly, particularly as regards my ministry and opportunity here in Prairie Village, Kansas.

Let me close this brief greeting to June and you with my best wishes for your continued health and strength. Looking forward to seeing you soon again,

Cordially yours,
W. Dieter Flemming, Minister,
The Colonial Church in Prairie Village.

* * *

On behalf of myself and the entire staff at WCFL may I congratulate not you but the citizens of our community in being fortunate in having the benefit of the services of such an outstanding church man and civic leader for the past 45 years. We are most fortunate. Be assured of WCFL's continued co-operation and best wishes.

Marty Hogan,
WCFL General Manager

* * *

We quote from a letter signed by Mr. J. E. Uber:

"Inspiration is the most precious and rarest commodity in this world. You are a master of it. I would reserve all my energy for such messages and turn over all the other church obligations to an assistant. To make people realize the value of their spiritual freedom represents the most stupendous task. Very few have learned to pay for it.

"Best wishes and may we enjoy you

(*Continued on page 22*)

DR. BRADLEY'S ENGAGEMENTS

MARCH, 1957

10—Sermon. Angelican Service, RMS "Mauretania," at Sea.

18—Address. Illinois Masonic Association, Palmer House, WGN-TV.

20—Funeral.
Sick calls.

21—Cut record. WCFL
Conference. Virgil Kraft.
Meeting, Friends of Literature, Fanny's Restaurant, Evanston, Ill.

22—Address. Lenten Service, First Methodist Church, Milwaukee, Wis.

23—Funeral.
Two Weddings.

24—Two sermons. Peoples Church.
Broadcast WCFL.
Address. Psychiatric Aid Society. Sheraton Hotel.

25—Address. Advertising Men's Post, American Legion. Henrici's Restaurant.
Address. Annual Dinner, Chatham YMCA.

26—Interview with Newsweek Magazine.
Funeral, Thomas A. Harrison.
Meeting, Men's Club, Peoples Church.
Board Meeting, Peoples Church.

27—Luncheon meeting, Medical Advisory Council, Hemophilia Foundation. Swedish Club.
Cut two records, WCFL.

29—Address. Muskegon County Teachers Institute, High School Auditorium, Muskegon, Michigan.

30—Hospital call.

31—Two sermons, Peoples Church. 45th Anniversary.

FUNERALS

20—Stacy Philbrick

23—Lauritz Dall

26—Thomas A. Harrison

WEDDINGS

23—Dorothy Boden and Thomas Spraggins
Janet Verri and William Capre

25—Evelyn Ponascewski and Robert A. Anders

CHRISTENINGS

24—Roy Faller Haynie, son of Mr. & Mrs. Howard Haynie

Emile John Vician, son of Mr. and Mrs. Emile Vician

Mail Bag

(*Continued from page* 21)

for a long, long time to come."

* * *

Members of the church and congregation will be interested in this telegram which arrived April 16th from the daughter and wife of Prof. LeRoy Wetzel, our beloved organist who passed on shortly after going to California to live:

"Mother and I just received clipping of your 45th Anniversary. We know LeRoy too was with you in spirit on this occasion honoring a magnificent and lovable personality.

Barbara and Clara Wetzel."

* * *

KEEP-ON-THE-BEAM!

THE PEOPLES CHURCH

941 Lawrence Avenue

Sunday School ..... 9:30 a.m.
Rex Styzens, Director, Religious Education.
Mrs. Carl Swanson, Superintendent

Sunday Morning Service, Broadcast by WJJD.....11:00 to 12:00 noon

Morning Service Re-broadcast, WSEL, 104.3, FM, Sunday..... 9:30 p.m.

Vespers Broadcast, WCFL, resumed in September..... 5:30 p.m.

Sunday Evening Service, Nov. 3 to Easter, 1958.....7:00 p.m.

Wednesday Evening Book Lectures, November to Easter, 1st Wednesday..... 8:00 p.m.

Woman's Club—Monday, May 6, Closing Luncheon, Belmont Hotel, 3172 N. Sheridan: Guest Artists, Roy Kane and Lois John, "The Sweethearts of Song." Guest speaker, Dr. Preston Bradley .....12:00 noon

Professional and Business Woman's Club—Tuesday, May 21st, Closing Dinner, Svithiod Club. Dr. Bradley, Guest Speaker; Mrs. Bradley, Guest of Honor. Everyone invited. Reservations with Church Office. $4.50..... 6:30 p.m.

Men's Club—Tuesday, May 14th, Anderson Hall..... 8:00 p.m.

The Uptown Players, J. Bradley-Griffin, Founder-Director. *In Memoriam.*

Channing Club for young adults, first and third Sundays ..... 8:00 p.m.

Choir Rehearsals—Every Sunday. New members welcomed ..... 9:30 p.m.

Ushers Club—Secretary, Harold E. Hansen, EDgewater 4-5998.

Senior Girl Scout Troop No. 97, Tuesdays at 4249 Greenview Ave. ..... 7:00 p.m.

Intermediate Girl Scout Troop No. 187, every Thursday, Anderson Hall..... 7:00 p.m.

Intermediate Girl Scout Troop No. 860, every Thursday, Anderson Hall..... 3:30 p.m.

Brownie Scout Troop No. 630, every Thursday, Bradley Hall..... 3:30 p.m.

DR. BRADLEY'S BROADCASTING SCHEDULE

WJJD—Every Sunday morning.....11:00 to 12:00 noon

WSEL—104.3 FM Sunday Morning Service Re-broadcast..... 9.30 p.m.

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